The Phantom Stranger

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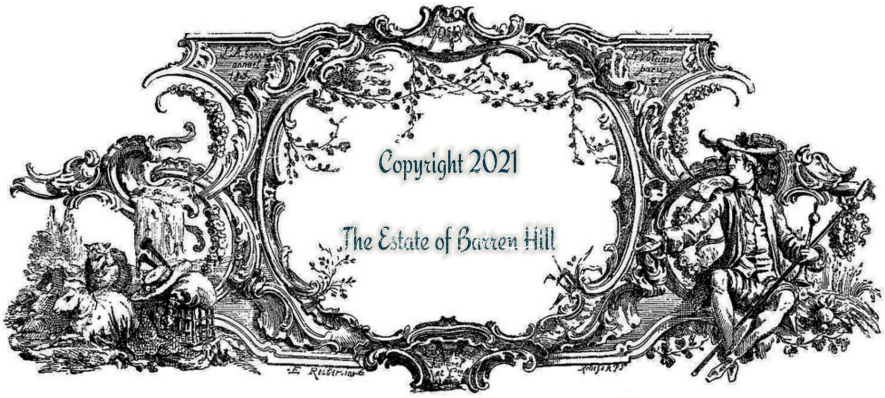

Like the darkness of the abyss he stalks the night
His heart full of dread and his soul full of fright,

On one hand he'll wile you with countless dreams
And the next he will feast, on your blood curdling screams,

Seductive and sensual with eyes of blue ice
His words drip with honey and his grip like a vice,

Forget all you know don't play his game,
Love and hatred...to him it's all the same,

Be careful what you want and be aware of what you crave,
Lest you end up on an early... path to the grave...